

SUBTLE REVENGE.



"Aha, false creature! Jest wait till I gits back from der Klondike wid a cartful of gold and yer won't do a ting but kick yerself fer scornin der love of Jimmy Jones!"

—New York Journal.

BALLAD OF YE SUMMER GIRL.
I went to a summer resort for a stay
And found that the price was three dollars a day.
I staid for a week, and of fun had my fill,
But forty-two dollars was asked in my bill.

"How's this?" I inquired of the clerk.
"Don't you see my bill is just double the price it should be?"
"My dear sir," he answered, "our charges are right.
Three dollars a day doesn't count in the night."

—New York Journal.

WOMAN'S EGOTISM.
She—Why do you get so profane?
Why can't you content yourself with "good gracious me," as I do?
He—I couldn't be so egotistical as to talk that way about myself.—Boston Journal.



HARD TO PART WITH.

—Up to Date.

A COLORED ECONOMIST.
"John," said a Georgia farmer to one of his colored fieldhands, "you ought to be laying out something now. I pay you 50 cents a day."
"Yes, sah."
"Well, how much do you save out of it?"
"Forty-five cents, sah."
"Is that all?"
"Good God, Marce Tom. I got to live on de balance!"—Atlanta Constitution.

SEASHORE ATTACHMENTS.
Most lasting of attachments
Are those where trunks are taken
For the gay resort's board.
—Detroit News.

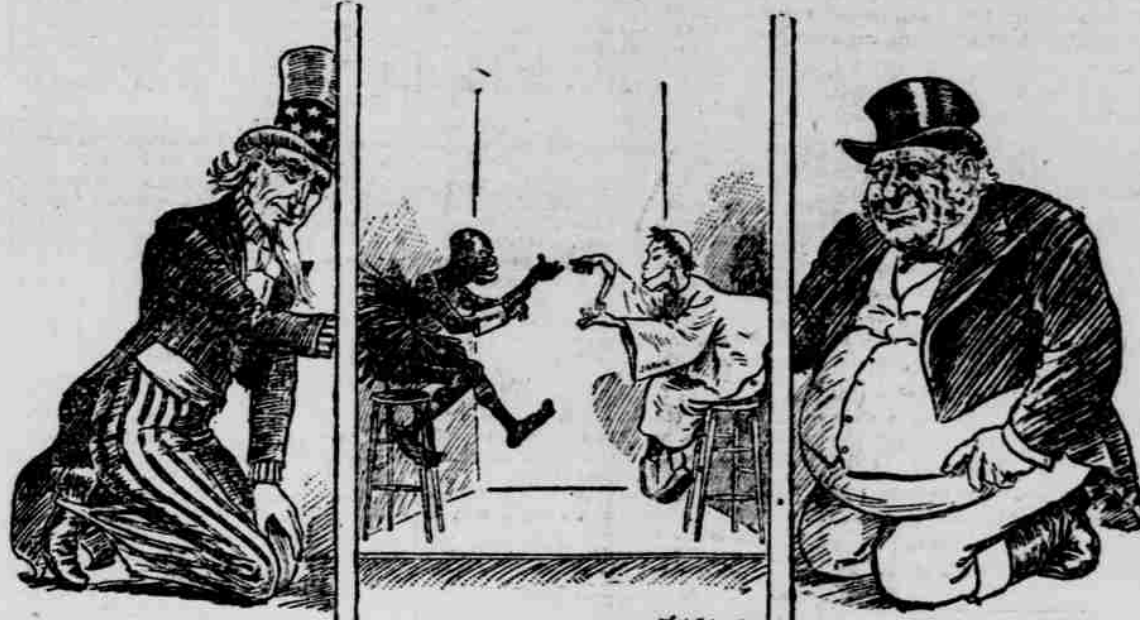
IN SUNDAY SCHOOL.
Clergyman—St. Paul made one error, my dear children.
Juvenile—Dolt let in a run?—New York Truth.



Lunatic (suddenly popping his head over the wall): "What are you doing there?"
Brown: "Fishing."
Lunatic: "Caught anything?"
Brown: "No."
Lunatic: "How long have you been there?"
Brown: "Six hours."
Lunatic: "Come inside!"

—Punch.

The Merry World.



IS THIS THE WAY JAPAN AND HAWAII WILL ARBITRATE?

—New York Press.

FATE FOOLED BY A FAT MAN:



The youth was heavy, and he weighed the boat way down.
Still neither had the slightest fear there was a chance to drown.

WHY I DID NOT GO.
When I heard how tons and tons of gold were dug out of the ground,
How the Klondike country teemed with wealth for miles and miles around;
When I heard how men who went there poor came back with loads of pelf,
Then I got the mining fever, and I said unto myself:
Sell every stock and bond, like the Chilkat pass beyond, like, There lies the golden Klondike: That's where you ought to go.

But my frier-as all said 'twas foolishness to go so far away,
And that if I ever reached the place I'd find it did not pay.
They said the climate was too cold, the journey much too long,
And they all chimed in together, and they sang to me this song:
Of wealth you're far too fond, like, You surely will get cold, like, If ever you go to Klondike.
—Isaac Anderson in New York Journal.

THE DEAN WAS DEAF.
One day, at the late dean of Ely's table, a legal gentleman was lamenting the gaps which death had recently made in his profession.
"We have lost," he said solemnly, "not less than six eminent lawyers in as many months."
The dean, who was quite deaf, at once rose and repeated grace, "For this and all his mercies," etc.—Tit-Bits.

AN IMPOSSIBLE TRIP.
Wallace—What do you think of the projects for going to the Klondike in balloons?
Ferry—They will none of them work. All the wind is headed this way. At least, up there is where all the blowing comes from.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A FABLE FOR TODAY.

A shark once invited on old mackerel to call at his house. "We have a nice little game of dollar limit up there nearly every night," he said. "Some of the best people in town drop in occasionally. A number of very nice suckers are there regularly. Drop in any time. Bring a few dollars with you, and you will enjoy yourself. May I expect you?"

"Well, hardly," said the wise old mackerel. "I have noticed that the suckers who visit your place go there in carriages, but they all walk away, and many do not wear so fine clothes on departing as they did when they arrived."

Moral.—You can stay in the game longer if you save cab hire by walking.—New York Truth.

OR, SAVED FROM A GRAVE



But, oh, it could not stand the weight! The boat succumbed at last.
And to their horror they perceived that they were sinking fast!

line in his hand and a couple of tears in his eyes.
"What's the matter?" quizzed Lederer, Sr.
"He's gone," sobbed the youngster.
"Who's gone?" queried the father.
"A pickerel," answered George between his sobs. "I caught him on the hook."
"Why didn't you land him?" asked his father.
"I was landing him," gulped the boy, "but—he—unbit and div."—New York Telegram.

NOT ON THE STONE.
A loving Hackensack nephew, charged with the duty of preparing an epitaph for a disagreeable old uncle just dead, suggested the following: "Deeply regretted by all who never knew him."—New York Tribune.

GO LONG CHILE!

Say yo' lak t' marry me.
Dat I see got de style.
An am sweet as sweet kin bet
Go long, go long, chile!
Doan' yo' be a-talkin so.
Yo's a-foolin me, I know.
Dis hyar niggah ain't so slow.
Go long, go long, chile!

Say we'll hab a brownstone front!
Dat yer meks me smile.
Meks dis niggah sorter grunt.
Go long, go long, chile!
Brownstone front yo's t'inkin 'bout.
'S jus' a cave yo's holler'd out
Down de quarry, frontin' sout!
Go long, go long, chile!

Say dat yo' has got some money
Comin' aftah while?
Say yo' wants me for yo' honey?
Go long, go long, chile!
Dat ole ship's a-gwine t' sink,
She'm gwine t' sink an spill de chink;
Cain't fool dis niggah, needn't tink—
Go long, go long, chile!

Den yo's in lub wid Lizer Jane
I know'd it all de while.
Yo' said she's sweet as sugah cane.
Go long, go long, chile!
She tole me so dis aftahnoon;
So yo' jus' money mighty soon
An quit yo're tridin wid dis coon.
Now go long, go long, chile!
—James Courtney Challis in New York Truth.

THE MINISTER'S CRITIC.
Ethel—Papa, does God tell you what to write in your sermon?
Papa—Yes, my dear.
Ethel—Then why do you scratch out so much?
Papa (after a pause)—To please your mother.—New York Truth.

DISTINCTION.
There are some folks eccentric in the way they tell their views.
It's "speculation" if you win
And "gambling" if you lose.
—Washington Star.

IN THE CRUEL DEEP.



And were they drowned? Oh, no!
Oh, no! Their lives are not yet o'er.
For, rigging up this quaint device, they got themselves ashore.—New York Journal.

A PORCINE PAEAN.



The pig's a lovely animal
That through my vision pops,
Composed of spicy sausage meat
And apple sauce and chops.
—New York Journal.

Inside he is the luscious feast
That makes the winter hum.
Outside he is the stuff that makes
The football and the drum.



HANDICAPPED.
"That man," remarked an admiring friend, "has the faculty of saying clearly in a few words what others would require pages to express."
"Too bad," said Senator Borahum. "He'll never get along in politics, not unless he learns to fluster better than that."—Washington Evening Star.

THE PLURAL.
Boarding School Teacher—And now, Edith, tell me the plural of baby.
Edith (promptly)—Twins.—Tit-Bits.

PROFESSIONAL PLEASANTRY.
First Soubrette (on a Rialto corner)—What are you doing now, Flossy?
Second Soubrette (accompanied by Teddy Thoughtless)—Nothing.
First Soubrette (glancing at Teddy)—Is that him?—New York Journal.

COMPENSATION.
"Sedgely's marriage wasn't a happy one, was it?"
"Well, that depends on the point of view."
"The point of view?"
"Yes, the neighbors had no end of fun out of it."—Detroit News.



THE WAY OF THE ASSESSOR IS HARD.

—New York Herald.

DEFINING IT.
"I think I understand what your Democrats and Republicans are getting at," said the foreign statesman on a visit, "but what is the elemental principle of Mugwumpery?"
"As near as I have been able to determine," replied the student of political science, "a Mugwump believes that whatever is wrong"—Detroit News.

HIGH PRAISE.
Artist—Here is my battle scene. What do you think of the execution?
Connoisseur—Deadly, my boy, deadly.—New York Journal.

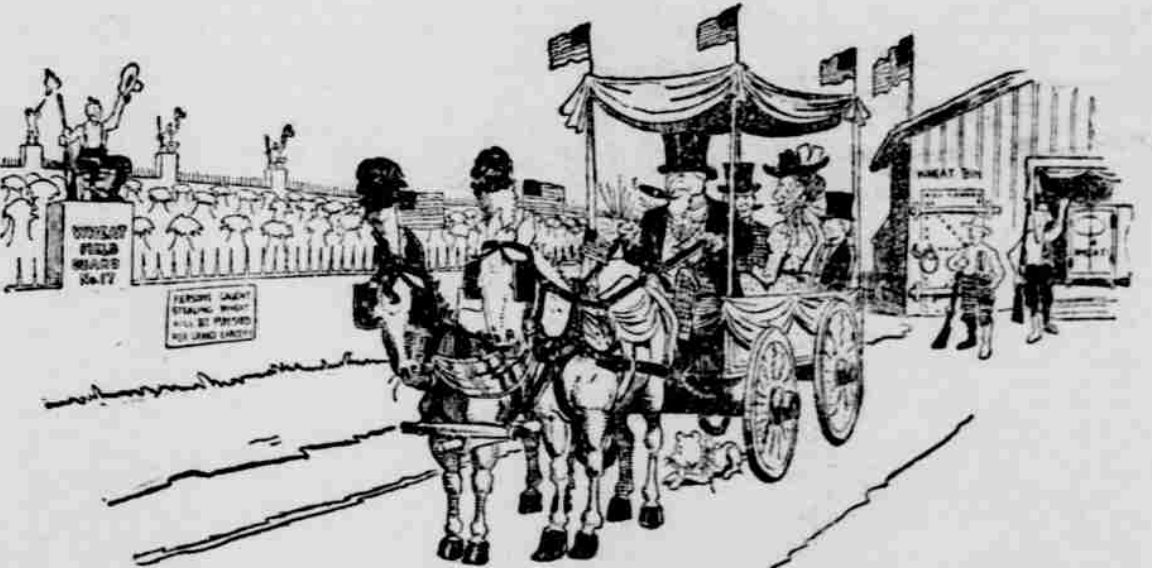
NOT A GIFT.
"Julia," said the old gentleman reproachfully, "if I am not mistaken you gave that young man a kiss."
"I did no such thing," returned the young woman with emphasis, "it was a trade."—Chicago Post.

HOW SHE WON.
There was a fair young prima donna
Who as a success was a stonema.
It was not her voice
That made her the choice.
But the clothes that she didn't have onna.
—Indianapolis Journal.

A SAD FACT.



Impudent Choir Boy (to minister, who is "teaching himself"): "Here endeth the first lesson!"
—Punch.



THE FARMER SELLS HIS WHEAT AND GOES TO THE COUNTY FAIR.

—Chicago Record.

CHOLLY LIGHTWEIGHT, MISS DOVEY AND THE TRAGEDY OF THE SWING.



Cholly Lightweight: "Yas, I'll tawing you, Mith Dovey!"
"There we are!"
"And there we are!"
"Gwacious!"
"Heaventh! I'd better look out!"
"Oh, dear me!"
"Hometh, I didn't mean it. Oh, she gosh!"—New York Journal